

The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I.

BROWNVILLE, NEMAH COUNTY, N. T., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

NUMBER 13.

Nebraska Advertiser

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
R. W. FURNAS,
Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
(Lake's Block),
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:
Per year (in advance), \$2.00
Six months, 1.50
Three months, 1.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
For the first insertion, one line, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, one line, 50c
For a full column, one year, 10.00
For a full column, six months, 6.00
For a full column, three months, 4.00
For a full column, one month, 2.00
For a full column, one week, 1.00
For a full column, one day, 50c
For a full column, one hour, 25c
For a full column, one minute, 10c
For a full column, one second, 5c
For a full column, one third, 2c
For a full column, one fourth, 1c
For a full column, one fifth, 50c
For a full column, one sixth, 25c
For a full column, one seventh, 10c
For a full column, one eighth, 5c
For a full column, one ninth, 2c
For a full column, one tenth, 1c
For a full column, one eleventh, 50c
For a full column, one twelfth, 25c
For a full column, one thirteenth, 10c
For a full column, one fourteenth, 5c
For a full column, one fifteenth, 2c
For a full column, one sixteenth, 1c
For a full column, one seventeenth, 50c
For a full column, one eighteenth, 25c
For a full column, one nineteenth, 10c
For a full column, one twentieth, 5c
For a full column, one twenty-first, 2c
For a full column, one twenty-second, 1c
For a full column, one twenty-third, 50c
For a full column, one twenty-fourth, 25c
For a full column, one twenty-fifth, 10c
For a full column, one twenty-sixth, 5c
For a full column, one twenty-seventh, 2c
For a full column, one twenty-eighth, 1c
For a full column, one twenty-ninth, 50c
For a full column, one thirtieth, 25c

Business Cards of five lines or less, for one year, 5.00
Business Cards of five lines or less, for six months, 3.00
Business Cards of five lines or less, for three months, 2.00
Business Cards of five lines or less, for one month, 1.00
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JAMES W. GIBSON, BLACKSMITH,

Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

A. L. COATE, COUNTY SURVEYOR,
BROWNVILLE, NEMAH CO.
Nebraska Territory.

E. M. M'COMAS, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OBSTETRICIAN,
Two Miles from Brownville, on claim near Mr.
CUMMINGS. Tenders his professional services to the
citizens of Nemaha county.

SPRIGMAN & BROWN, RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT AGENTS.
No. 46, Public Landing,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BAILY & RANKIN, BANKERS & LAND AGENTS
OMAHA CITY, N. T.

R. W. FURNAS, LAND AND LOT AGENT,
INSURANCE AGENT,
AND AGENT FOR AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

J. HART & SON, SADDLE & HARNESS MAKERS,
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.

Keep constantly on hand all descriptions of Harness,
Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.
N. B. Every article in our shop is manufactured
by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

C. V. SNOW, SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
AND ACCOUCHER,
ROCKPORT, MO.

OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 87 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, NO. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST,
ST. LOUIS, MO.)

E. F. SEARS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
And Solicitor in Chancery.
SIDNEY, IOWA.

Will practice in the District Courts of Western
Iowa.

Office at the Court House, up stairs, 2d
District of Iowa.

D. H. SOLOMON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
GLENWOOD, IOWA.

Will practice in the Sixth and Seventh Judicial
Districts of Iowa.

A. J. POPPLETON, W. N. BYERS, POPPLETON & BYERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And General Land Agents,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Land Warrants Bought and Sold.
LAND ENTERED ON TIME.

SPECIAL attention given to the selection and en-
try of Lands for Settlers, and all others desiring
choice locations.
Land Claims, Town Lots and all kinds of Real Es-
tate, bought and sold and investments made for dis-
tant Dealers.

O. P. MASON, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
And General Land Agents,
NEBRASKA CITY, N. T.

Will promptly attend to Land Agencies, collec-
tions, investing money, locating and selling
land warrants, and all other business pertaining to
their profession, in Nebraska Territory and Western
Iowa.

CHARLES B. SMITH, General Land Agent,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
OMAHA CITY, N. T.

Office in State House.

Will give particular attention to orders and com-
missions from abroad, and to the supervision of
the sale of lots and claims in Nebraska Territory.

References:
Hos. JESSE D. BARON, Washington, D. C.
JOHN VAN BUREN, New York City.
EDWIN CROSWELL, " "
MARK W. LEAHY, Gov. of Nebraska.
T. B. CURTIS, Sec.
GEORGE, WEAVER & BENTON, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

JACOB SAFFORD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
GENERAL INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT.
AND Notary Public.
WILLIAM CITY, Nebraska Territory.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted
to his care, in Nebraska Territory and Western
Iowa.

H. D. JOHNSON, J. P. CANNY, J. D. TEST, JOHNSON, CANNY & TEST,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
And General Land Agents,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

Will promptly attend to Land Agencies, In-
vesting Money, Locating and selling Land
Warrants, and all other business pertaining to their
profession, in Western Iowa and Nebraska.

S. B. MILLER, BLACKSMITH
AND WAGON MAKER.
First St. bet. Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Poetry.

AN AMERICAN FOREST SONG.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Now fluttering breezes—now stormy blast,
Mild rain, then blustering snow—
Winter's stern flogging cloud is passed,
But sweet Spring where art thou?
The white cloud floats 'mid smiling blue,
The broad bright sunshine's golden hue,
Bathes the mill frozen earth:
'Tis changed!—above, black vapors roll—
We turn from our expected stroll,
And seek the blustering north.

Hark!—that sweet carol with delight
We leave the stifling room—
The little blue-bird meets our sight—
Spring, glorious Spring, has come!
The south wind's beam is in the air,
The melting snow wreaths every where,
Are leaping off in showers;
And Nature, in her brightening looks,
Tells that her flowers and leaves and brooks,
And birds will soon be ours.

A few soft sunny days have shown,
The air has lost its chill,
A bright green tinge succeeds the brown
Upon the northern hill.
Off to the woods—a pleasant quest!
Here sports the fresh young wintergreen,
There swells a mossy mound,
The wandering wind is sweet and mild,
And birds are hurrying round.

Where its long rings uncure the fern,
The violet nestling loon,
Casts back the wild life of its urn,
Its purple streaks to show,
Beautiful blooms first to rise
And smile beneath Spring's wakening, skies,
The courier of the band
Of coming flowers—what feelings sweet
Gush as the silver gem we meet
Upon its slender wand!

Warmer its each successive sky,
More soft the breezes pass,
The maple's gems of crimson lie
Upon the thick green grass,
The dogwood sheds its clusters white,
The birch has dropped its tassels slight,
Cowslips are round the rill;
The thrasher whistles in the glen,
Flutters around the warbling vren,
And swags have voices shrill.

A simultaneous burst of leaves
Hath clothed the forest;
A single day's bright sunshine weaves
This vivid, gorgeous show.
Masses of shade are cast beneath,
The flowers are spread in varied wreath,
Night brings its soft, sweet moon;
Morn wakes its mist, and twilight gray
Weeps its bright dew, and smiling May
Molds into blooming June!

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MINES.

Up in the mountain solitude,
Beside a "pile" of clay,
A wight, with shovel, pick and pan,
Stood at the close of day;
His shirt and sash were very red,
His nose was very blue,
And 'tho' the sun was round was grand,
The rascals wouldn't budge.

His hat—enough, 'twas shocking bad,
His sunburnt neck was bare;
One eye looked droll, the other sad,
Beneath his unkempt hair;
His muddy jack-boots of all jet
Were long ago bereft,
And unto them, like unto him,
But little soul was left.

From out his pale, assembling lips,
With rank beard o'ergrowing,
Outspoke this lonely mining man,
In semi-growling tone;
While rustling his jack-boot kept
The devil's tattoo drumming—
'I had no sense in coming here,
I've gained no cinnabars by coming.

"I have not cinnabars as some folks do;
I run, but do not steal,
And 'tho' my ways of life are hard,
My heart is soft to feel;
My neighbor's failings I let pass,—
I love not a shade
Of all his goods, nor ox, nor ass,
Nor man, nor servant maid.

"But for this last I claim no grace,
Though some may not approve it,
Because in this infernal place
There are no mules to covet;
Nor sparkling eyes, nor beaming smiles,
That filled my dreams of yore;
Alas! alas! those days are past,
My day dream now are oars!

"Oh, for one hour, where some one's eyes
Are bright and purely gazing,
And some one's dainty little feet
Are not upon a tree;
To joyous measure dancing;
Where gentle forms are frolicking round—
Most potent heart dissolvers—
None but worst dancers here are found,
Surrounded by revolvers.

"Oh, for one hour where early life
Flowed passing merrily,
Where youth still hung on low-toned words,
And not upon a tree;
Where friends could wrangle and debate,
About each passing trifle,
And meet the flash of wit, instead
Of howls—knife or rifle."

He paused—he sighed—he gazed about—
Then spoke—"Tis all cum'd fuel!
O for a pull of 'double stout,'
To cool this thirst of mine;
But never more I'll taste a pot
Of glorious 'lager beer.'"
N. B.—He turned and left the spot,
And wiped away a tear.

May heaven shield ye, fair one,
And keep ye from all harm,
Robbing night that may arise
Four thoughts to give alarm.

Miscellaneous.

A friend in Stockbridge (Mass.) sends up the following anecdote of Rev. Zeb. Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference. At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. "Zeb," says our informant, "is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified—a thorough, systematic sermonizer; but out of the pulpit, there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion, he was wending his way toward the seat of the Annual Conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to his companion: 'The last time I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife.' In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant. 'I mean just what I say,' replied Zeb; and on went the travelers in unbroken silence, until they reached the Conference. In the early part of the session the Conference sat with closed doors, for the purpose of transacting private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct during the past year. For this purpose, the clerk called the roll, as was the custom, and in due course Zeb's name was called. 'Does any one know against the conduct of brother Twitchell during the past year?' asked the Bishop, who was the presiding officer. After a moment's silence, Zeb's traveling companion arose from his seat, and, with a heavy heart, and grave, demure countenance, said he felt that he had a duty to perform; one that he owed to God, to the church, and to himself. He must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though with trembling. He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, etc. The grave body of ministers was struck with a thunderbolt; although a few smiled, and glanced first upon Zeb, then upon the Bishop, knowingly, for they knew, better than the others, the character of the accused. The Bishop called up 'Brother T.' and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb arose and said: 'I did the deed! I never lie.' Then, pausing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded, with slow and solemn deliberation: 'There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the Conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it: when I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself.' The related and troubled countenances relaxed; a titter followed; and the next name on the roll was called."

CHANGES IN A LIFETIME.

The death of Rogers, the poet, at the age of ninety-one, suggests what vast changes have occurred within his vast lifetime. He has left on record, in his "Table-Talk," that he saw the heads of the rebels on Temple Bar; that he saw several girls, who were mere children, going to execution for having participated in the Lord George Gordon riots; and that he had talked with men who remembered the rebellion, and were cotemporary with the death of Charles the First. What mighty changes rise before the memory in thinking of such a life! The progress made in manners, in laws, in material progress, among all civilized nations, since Rogers was a child is almost incredible. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting, for example, were the amusements of the highest classes then; while now such exhibitions have ceased to be attended, even by the lowest and most vulgar. Men were quartered for great crimes, and their quarters left to rot in sun and wind, in presence of a whole city then; while now, for the same crime, transportation is the severest punishment, and it is generally followed by a speedy pardon. Finally, the difference between "Tom Jones" and the "Newcomes" in decency, illustrates the difference in manners of that age and this.

The laws have changed not less, and invariably for the better. In this country primogeniture has been abolished, and republicanism substituted for colonial slavery. In England a penal code, almost as bloody as Draco's, has been replaced by one comparatively mild; taxation has become more equitably adjusted; the law courts have been reformed, and legislation generally imbued with a more popular character. The world before the Deluge, and the

world after it, were scarcely more different in these respects, than England when Rogers was born, and England when he died. The advances made in material progress are even greater. Rogers found turnpikes just coming in; he left railroads everywhere threading the land. He found slow, clumsy ships; he left swift-going steamers. He found a tardy post for the transmission of news and letters; he left the magnetic telegraph. He found the suburbs swarming with highway-men; he left a police that kept guard over the whole kingdom. Perhaps never since the world began, has there been so much progress, in every department of civilized life as during the ninety years of Rogers.—*Phila. Ledger.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

There is great danger of Christian wives losing sight of the unconverted state of their husbands, when those husbands are affectionate partners, and kind, exemplary citizens. And there is no less danger, perhaps, of circumspection, if many prayers have gone up for their conversion without apparent effect, and many tender words have been spoken in seasons when the heart seemed open and impressive to receive them. We have seen wives who had tacitly abandoned all hope of the conversion of their companions in life, and cherished no real and vital solicitude for them. But the true Christian should never despair, but rely on the promises of God never repealed, and sow beside all waters, assured of finding fruit after many days. Rev. T. S. Cuyler gives, in the Christian Intelligencer, an incident in point:

"I am forever done with church-going and preaching," said a skeptical husband to his pious wife, after listening to a pungent sermon on infidelity. But the wife prayed. That is what every wife can do. She prayed. 'My dear,' said she, one evening, with gentle voice, 'will you grant me one little request? Go with me to-night to meeting.' 'I will go to the door, but no further,' he replied. 'That will do,' said the amiable wife. They went together. They parted at the entrance, her heart absorbed, as she took her seat, in fervent prayer for her beloved partner. Some minutes elapsed; service had commenced, when suddenly the door opened, a heavy step advanced, and, to her unspeakable joy, her husband calmly seated himself near her. That night Mr. H. was interested and affected. The next evening, after tea, as they sat conversing at the pleasant fireside, the husband rose, and, while a tear trickled down his cheek, 'Wife,' said he, 'it is not time to go to church?'

She sprang from her chair, and, though it was early by a whole hour, she feared delay. Taking hat and cloak, they went. That was the happiest night of their wedded life; for Mr. H. took his place among the inquirers, and for the last ten years has sat beside his wife at the communion table. Reader, have you done all your duty to your unconverted friends?

AMERICAN MANNERS AND ENGLISH EAGREATION.

If there be any one thing in which English travelers usually exhibit either their prejudice or their stupidity, it is in attempting to describe the language and manners of our people. The following is a case in point. The Hon. Miss Murray, in her book on the United States, gives the following as an actual conversation which she heard between two young ladies in a first class American Hotel:

"Miss, it's feeding time, I guess; what will you eat?"
"You're very polite, to be sure, what's the ticket?"
"Chicken and corn fixings, and pork with union fixings."

"Well, I'm hungry some; I'll have some pig and fixings."
The train retired, and brought a profusion of viands, which elicited the remark—
"Well, that's substantial."

The young ladies' appetites appeared to be good, for I heard the observation—
"Well, you eat considerable; you're in full blast, I guess."
"Guess I am, too; it's so all fired cold, and I have been such an everlasting long time off my feed."

A long undertone conversation followed this interchange of civilities, when I heard the lady say—
"You're trying to rile me some; you're piling it on a trifle too high."
"Well, I did want to put up your dander. Where was you raised?"
"In Kentucky."

"I could have guessed that; whenever I see a splendid gal, a kinder gentler goer, and high stepper, I say to myself, says I, now that ere gal's straight from old Kentucky, and no mistake."

The circumstance upon which the following is founded, says the *Whiting Times*, actually occurred in this city about two years ago; so we are informed, and was put into its present shape by some "doggerel rhymester."

TRUE YANKEE.—A Yankee out walking in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself talking, experienced a feeling—strange—painful and alarming, from his caput to his knees, as he was suddenly covered o'er with bees! They rested on his eyelids, and perched upon his nose; they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed on his clothes. They explored his swelling nostrils and drove deep into his ears, they crawled up his "trowsers," and filled his eyes with tears. Did he yell like a hyena! Did he halloo like a loon? Was he scared and did he "cut and run?" or did the critter swoon? Ne'er a one; he wasn't scared a mite; he never swoons—or hollers; but he hived 'em in a nail-keg tight, and sold 'em for two dollars.

PUNCH ON HEADACHE.

The female headaches are innumerable, but they arise principally from vexation and disappointment. They may be divided into "nervous" and "sick" headaches. The nervous is irritable, and cannot bear being spoken to; the sick is despondent, or sulky, and burst into tears at the least contradiction. An unpopular visitor, brought home accidentally to dinner, will produce an alarming attack of headache, and the symptoms that successfully follow instant loss of appetite, deafness, peevishness, hysteria, and finally a precipitate retreat to the bed room. The poor servants feel the effects of the headache as much as any one, and do not stop in the room longer than they can help. These unfortunate headaches are very frequent about that time of the year when every one is, or is supposed to be, out of town, and do not cease until the patient has been carried to the sea-side for change of air. The milder forms will vanish upon the application of a piece of jewelry; or if the forehead is wrapped up in a new shawl, it is astonishing with what rapidity the headache disappears. Sometimes a shifting of the scene is requisite, and thus a box at the opera has been known to produce an instantaneous cure, even when the headache in question has been of the most stunning description, and the opera played has been one of Verdi's!

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The friend in Texas is responsible for the following:
"One of our stock-raisers, in hunting some cattle on a cloudy day, not long since, got bewildered and lost on a prairie; the weather came on stormy and thick, so he could not tell what course to take and wandered about three days with not a mouthful to eat. About noon, on the third day, it cleared up a little, and he struck out for a house he saw a long ways off. On reaching it, and making known his hungry condition, the householder—who was a parson—expressed his warm sympathies for him, and told him to sit down, that dinner would be ready after a while. When dinner was announced, "our hero," suiting the action to the word, was promptly in a seat, and as promptly began to make himself perfectly at home with whatever was within his reach. At this crisis, the reverend gentleman at the house interposed with, 'Stop, stop!—we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat.' Our hero filled his mouth nearly full, and without stopping or apparently noticing particularly what had been said to him, replied, 'Go on, and say whatever you (d-d) please, you can't turn my stomach now.'—*Ec.*

LOAFERS IN PRINTING OFFICES.

The composing room of a printing office is not the place to tell long stories, or argue abstruse points in metaphysics. Read, ye loungers, and be advised:
"A printing office is like a school; it can have no interlopers, hangers-on, or twaddlers, without a serious inconvenience, to say nothing of loss of time, which is just as much as gold to the printer as though it metallically glistened in his hand. What would be thought of a man who would enter a school, and twaddle first with the teacher and then with the scholars—interrupting the studies of one and the discipline of the other? And yet this is the precise effect of the loafer in the printing office. He seriously interferes with the course of business, distracts the fixed attention which is necessary to the good printer. No gentleman will ever enter it and presume to act loafer. He will feel above it, for no real man ever sacrifices the interests or interferes with the duties

of others. The loafer does both. Let him think, if he ever has, that the last place he should ever instantiate his worthless and unwelcome presence, is in the printing office."—*Georgia Citizen.*

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—A traveler who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told by a dervise and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels; one on his right shoulder, and one on his left. When he does anything wrong, the angel on the left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it; and the angel on the right shoulder weeps."

STRAYED.—Broke into the pocket of the editor of this paper a ten cent piece. Who it belongs to, or where it came from it is a mystery to us and we earnestly request the owner to come and take it away. We have been without money so long, that its use is entirely forgotten. Upon one side is a beautiful young lady, with a handkerchief to her eyes—weeping to think she has no mate—and her night cap on a pole, as a signal of distress. Once getting angry, we pinched her severely, but she wouldn't come to "quarters," and now we beg that some one will come and claim her.—*Waterloo (Ill.) Patriot.*

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